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GRIP



VOL. XXXVI.

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J.W. Bennett

"UNDER SERIOUS CONSIDERATION."

WORKINGMAN—"It's just like this, Mr. Mowat, I simply can't afford to keep my youngsters in books, and so they don't go to school regular. When we get free books we'll have real free schools, but not before."

GRIP

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Artist and Editor J. W. BENGOUGH.
Associate Editor PHILLIPS THOMPSON.



Comments

ON THE

Cartoons.

SOMEWHAT TANGLED.

—The Dominion Government's Anti-Reciprocity candidate in Victoria was elected by even a greater majority than the same Government's Reciprocity candidate in Napierville a few weeks ago. When these two brand new members walk into the House,

each hanging lovingly on an arm of the Premier, who will wear a cross-eyed smile for the occasion, this unique episode of politics will be complete. Our cartoon is pretty sure to be belied. It is built on the assumption that the Reciprocity professions of the member-elect for Napierville were sincere, and that in case of a vote being taken on the question he, in company with Hon. J. A. Chapleau, will be found voting with the Opposition. Sir John is in no great danger of being tangled as represented, because it is not the ordinary practice of members to act strictly on principle. In this particular case skeptical people are inclined to doubt that there was much principle involved, anyway. Mr. Paradis apparently grabbed at Reciprocity as the handiest weapon with which to slay his opponent, seeing that Free Trade sentiment was strong in the constituency. In like manner it may be fairly questioned whether Mr. Fairhairn, in Victoria, is in reality a believer in the Restriction policy. He is credited with an average amount of intelligence, and probably knows as well as anybody else that the farmers of his riding would be benefited and not injured by an extension of their market. There was a joker in the pack in this contest, in the shape of a railway bonus, which really won the game. So that, in reality, there may be nothing unique

about the episode after all; it simply amounts to the election of two straight out supporters of Sir John. But it is not courteous to go behind the returns and expose the true inwardness of the affair. We must deal with the case as it is presented to us ostensibly, and as it will go into history. And looked at in that light, Sir John's achievement in electing almost simultaneously a member for and one against Reciprocity, is worthy to rank amongst his most remarkable performances.

UNDER SERIOUS CONSIDERATION.—The movement in favor of free text books, by way of rounding out our system of "free schools," is gaining headway. While, upon the first mention of the proposal, opposition is likely to arise in the mind of the average man, a little consideration of the subject is pretty sure to convince him of its soundness and utility. The theory of our system is a free education for every boy and girl in the country. We spread the feast, and extend a general invitation; nay, we are supposed to compel them to come in. But we find that there are a good many thousands who do not respond to the call, and whom we are practically unable to force. There may be a number of reasons for this absenteeism, but experience in other places has conclusively shown that the expense of text-books to parents in poor circumstances is the most powerful of them. A workingman earning the ordinary current wages, even if he is lucky enough to have steady employment, has a severe task before him in keeping four or five children supplied with school books for four or five years. In many cases it is simply impossible, and the children remain at home. It is hard to see just why the makers of our school system stopped short at free books when provision was made for the supplying by the State of all the other necessary school machinery. Nothing is so necessary as the books, which are the tools of the schoolmaster. We *must* have our population educated; we *must* make attendance at school compulsory, and therefore we *must* remove every reasonable excuse for the absenteeism now complained of. It is understood that this important subject is under the serious consideration of the Ontario Government, and that a measure bearing upon it will be introduced at the next session of the Legislature.

1891.

VOLUME XXXVI.—No. 1.

OLD Eighteen Ninety had sold out his business to a successor, Young Ninety-one, and was awaiting the arrival of the midnight train, in which he intended taking passage to Oblivion. It was now within a few minutes of train-time, and the two sat in earnest discourse.

"Well, Youngster," said Ninety, in a cheerful tone, "if you bear in mind all I've been telling you, and govern yourself accordingly, I have no doubt you'll make a success of it. You've got a big contract on your hands, though. There are many weighty matters—"

"Let 'em wait, then!" interjected the youth, smartly.

"Now, don't be too fresh, although you are new," cautioned the Departing Year. "I see your trivial pun, but let me tell you this is no time for airy persiflage."

"All right," promptly responded the youngster, "I won't make airy jokes again."

"I was about to tell you," continued the Old Year, without deigning to notice the interruption, "that these matters I have reference to *can't* wait. You've got to settle them, or at least carry them twelve months nearer settlement."

"Would you mind specifying a little?" asked the other, more seriously.

"Well," said Ninety, "there's the Labour Problem for one. I made some slight progress with that, but it's a tough question to deal with, and I don't anticipate that you will be able to do very much with it."

"Oh, you don't know *me*," said Ninety-one, confidently, "You just hold on and see."

"I can't hold on to see, as my time is just about up, but you have my best wishes. I may just mention this—the Labor question is simply the question of justice as between man and man. I think I may claim to have done this much—I have made it clear to a greater number

than ever saw it before, that the existing system *won't do*. This I have accomplished through Mr. Bellamy, Mr. Henry George and a number of other able men. Then there's the Irish question—"

"Yes, I have heard of that," interrupted the spry Young Year; "they want Home Rule, I understand. I'll let 'em have it, so you may consider *that* question settled."

"Ah, to be sure," returned old Ninety, with fine sarcasm. "I forgot you were so clever. Still, if you manage in your twelve months to patch up the present internecine ruction, and get the Irish Parliamentary party into working order, you will be entitled to rank among the smartest years of the century. And there's ever so many more mighty problems waiting for you, but there! that's the whistle of my train and I must be off." So saying, old Ninety jumped up and buttoned his overcoat and grabbed his valise.

"But isn't there any wise counsellor on whom I may depend for help in the solution of these great problems, and in the work of making the world better and happier during my term?"

"There is, I am happy to say," responded Ninety—"and by good luck here he comes now." As these words were uttered up stepped MR. GRIP, carrying a parcel daintily tied and addressed to Eighteen-Ninety. The latter greeted him cordially.

"Just in time!" said Ninety, as he grasped GRIP's hand. "I haven't a moment. Here's the train. I just want to thank you for all the assistance you gave me in my work, and to introduce to you my successor, master Ninety-one. Be as faithful to him."

MR. GRIP was too much affected at the parting to reply in words, but he presented the parcel, which contained his XXXVth volume, to the Departing Year, while at the same time he presented the new comer with an advance proof of this—the first number of volume Thirty-six!

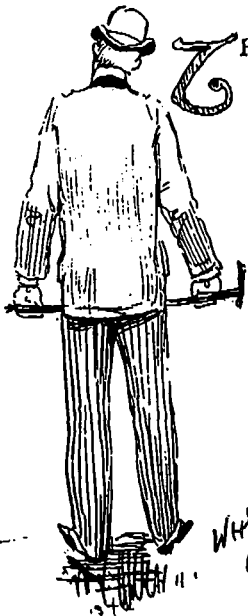


CHOKING HIM OFF.

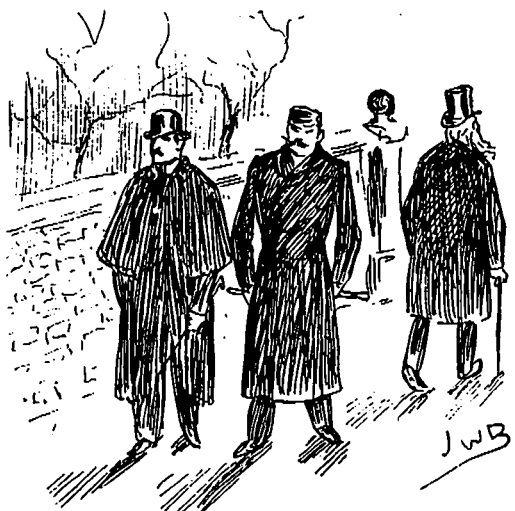
CASSIDY—"Good mornin', Mистер Foley— (Foley, who is struggling with a contrary pipe, goes on "pulling" without noticing the civility)—It's a foine mornin', Mистер Foley."

FOLEY (continuing the struggle)—"Go to the devil—ye want to argy!"

The citizens should cast their votes to authorize the prosecution of the work at the expense of the community, and thereby put snug fortunes in the pockets of a favored few. It may be asked by pestilent Single Taxers and others, who have more brains than generosity, why the public should go out of its way to make the fortunes of these landlords. Our reply is, gratitude should inspire them to do so. Have not these landlords toiled, lo, these many years at owning land? Have they ever been adequately rewarded for this faithful and irksome service to their fellow-citizens? No! The land has had very little,



THE sneaking attempt of certain superfine people to superannuate old Father Christmas has signally failed for this time at all events. The old gentleman never looked younger, heartier or merrier than he did on his 1890 visit, and it may be put down as certain that he will keep on coming and being enthusiastically received for many a year yet. This time he brought with him a complete outfit of old-time Xmas accessories—a dash of snow, a sharp frost and a clear atmosphere, all of which he had strangely overlooked the year before, coming, as it will be remembered, amid mud and mugginess. The cranks who would abolish the Christmas festival are no friends of humanity, whatever their pretensions may be, and it is satisfactory to know that they are likely to remain in the "overwhelming minority" in which they find themselves to-day.



STRAINED RELATIONS.

BROWN (referring to old gentleman who has just passed)—"Wasn't that your —?"

JONES—"Yes; distant relative of mine."

BROWN—"Your father, wasn't it?"

JONES—"Precisely, but we had a row and don't speak, you know."

THIS Ashbridge Bay reclamation scheme will be a splendid thing—for the landowners of that section.



FROM THE SHOULDER.

"Mr. Wiman says the result in Victoria is a blow between the eyes for the Reciprocity movement."—*Telegram*.

if any, rental value. By reclaiming the marsh it will be made profitable. Let the people do it then, if they have any real kindness of heart.

* * *

SIR JOHN THOMPSON is using his muscle on the question of Canadian Copyright. He has formally represented to the Imperial Government that we want to have our Act of 1889 allowed, or to be granted express powers to deal with the matter "fully and effectually." Good for Sir John! His Lordship, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, will find it hard to get over the arguments submitted to him; and in view of the liberal spirit in which we are usually dealt with by the Home authorities, there is a good hope that we may shortly see this troublesome question set at rest.

* * *

THIS is what an American Baptist, Dr. Phillips, thinks of intemperance in England: "The drink demon stares at one so on the streets of these big English cities. What shocks me most is how women, and among them fresh young girls, walk up to the bars of public-houses, and drink off their beer, or something stronger, just like the men, and come out wiping their lips with satisfaction."—*Ex.*

Yes, this conveys a lamentable idea of the degradation of the English masses, especially the latter clause of the sentence. It is terrible that these young girls should have no pocket-handkerchiefs—an indispensable portion of the civilized female's outfit—so that they are reduced to the painful alternative of using satisfaction as a substitute, and a very poor and inefficient substitute it must be. One wonders how they manage to blow their noses—probably with enthusiasm or exasperation or some miserable makeshift of that kind.

* * *

THE *Detroit Tribune* tells of a man in that city who goes about with a hen's egg carefully bandaged in his armpit as a cure for a pain in the chest. The dis-

covery was made accidentally by a doctor whom he was consulting on the subject of the pain. If the real truth could be known it would probably turn out that the alleged patient is a base smuggler, who has been carrying on the nefarious business of importing Canadian hen fruit in this way without paying the McKinley tariff tax upon it.

* * *

"T. C." is a fellow who knows so much about political economy that he feels it incumbent upon him to enlighten the readers of the *Telegram*. He is down on the single tax. He settles the question out of hand by the following lucid illustration:

Suppose A is a workingman and does as every workingman should, viz., save up his earnings while he can, and buy a small lot whereon to build his home. With the present tax and interest of borrowed money he has all he can do for the present and cannot build until he clears off the mortgage, but in the struggle there swoops down on him the single tax iniquity and he loses all. His rich neighbor, who, by the way, has fed at the city stall, owns the same amount of land and has a good house on it worth \$5,000 or \$6,000, but only pays the same tax as his poorer neighbor. Shortly the struggle ends in poor A having nothing and B having both lots and two costly houses. A becomes a pauper and B becomes an over-fed oppressor. That there are evils in the present system of land-grabbing is too plain to deny, but the single tax would be far worse.

* * *

THIS intelligent critic is evidently laboring under the impression that the "single tax" simply means an addition to the present tax on land. He doesn't seem to know that it presupposes the abolition of all other taxation. This supposititious workingman, having selected a place suitable for a home, under the single tax system, have no mortgage to pay off. He would pay to the city each year an amount equivalent to the rent of the bare ground, and the whole of his earnings, including the large share which now goes for "present taxes and interest on borrowed money" could be applied to the building and furnishing of his house. His rich neighbor would in the same way pay a tax representing the annual value of the land *he* held. Neither would be taxed on their houses or other property. The public revenue from land values alone would be so great that it wouldn't



ITS INNER MEANING.

HUGH AIRLIE—"There, man! Whatt d'ye think o' ma new coat, wi' plaid linin' intill't, like yon o' Frazer's, o' the *Mail*?"

WAGGE—"Very fine; and meant to indicate in both cases, I suppose, that you're Scotchmen to the back-bone, hey?"

be necessary to continue the barbarity of robbing people of the results of their labor. Land value does not come under that head.

SOME of our exchanges have erroneously credited the utterances of Mr. Van Courtland Wright on annexation to Mr. Alonzo Wright, the well-known M.P. The latter gentleman does not at all share the sentiments of his relative, though we are not aware that he has felt it necessary to denounce the latter as necessarily a traitor, scoundrel, etc., etc., for expressing such views. An Ottawa correspondent triumphantly sends us a memo. to the effect that Mr. V. C. Wright is an American and not a Canadian Conservative. We congratulate Sir John that, this being so, he has one annexationist less in the Grand old Party.

CHRISTMAS WAITS.

ENGLISHMAN—"Christmas in this country, yah know, isn't the real thing at all. Nothing like a good hold Hinglish Christmas. Why, yer don't 'ave no Christmas waits."

CANUCK—"Don't, eh? That's all you know about it. Just go shopping Christmas Eve and you'll have all the waits you care about."

SPEECH OF ALD. BOLLIVER.

To the Free and Independent Electors of St. Absalom's Ward:

IN asking your votes which I do so again, I reckon it's well to be honest and plain, And with no highfalutin' nor pompous array Of words to conceal what I'm wishing to say. To convey my ideas upon civic affairs, Though perhaps there's some here which my views isn't theirs, In which case I'd state without any restriction When I'm wrong why I'm open of course to conviction.

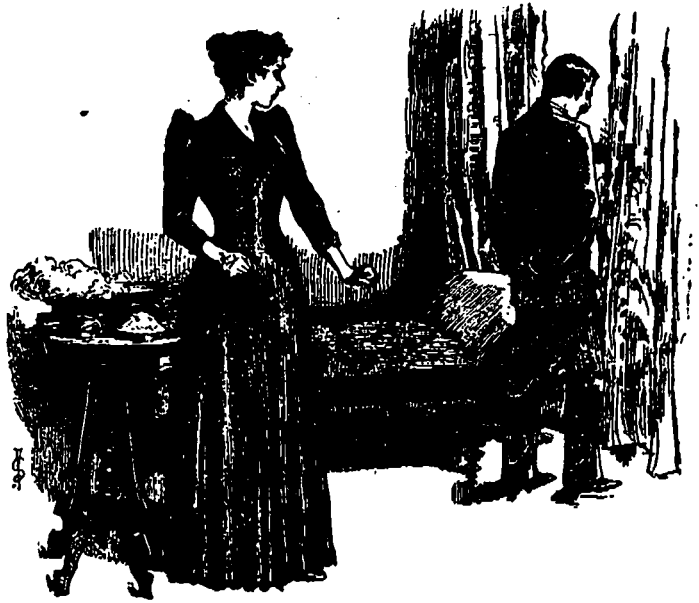
In the first place, I hope it will pleasure afford To learn that I done what I could for the ward; For sidewalks, lights, crossings—whatever was going, Just look at my record—I've made a good showing For St. Absalom's Ward. I put in my best licks And got in my graft—for I'm up to the tricks, On that point I guess you'll approve of my attitude And send me right back—if you've got any gratitude.

On this here street car question I made a good fight And stood up for what was judicious and right, I need hardly remark that it seems to me plain That the citizens' loss is monopoly's gain, And that if to advantage the road could be run By the city itself the thing ought to be done, Provided, of course, that the risk don't deter From a course in which hasty decision might err. So therefore—I think on the whole 'twould be wise To discount all dangers before they arise, And if leasing the road would our income enhance, Of which I don't think there is very much chance. To follow the lines I have tried to suggest As the plan which will suit my constituents best.

(Aside)

There! I've mixed up and muddled the question so neatly, Those who'd use it against me are flummoxed completely.

As to this reconstruction proposed by McDougall I'm in for what's safe, economic and frugal, Providing that always efficiency goes With them schemes that the civic reformers propose, And I'll gladly support any plan in accord With the duty I owe to St. Absalom's Ward,



A GOOD REASON.

HUSBAND (*hastily*)—"Here comes Miss Mullins, Effie; put all your presents away."

WIFE—"No, I want her to see how generous you are."

HUSBAND—"But most of them are things I gave her when I was engaged to her and got back when it was broken off."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Still I cannot but think that a method is crude Which would cut us in two and annex to St. Jude And part of St. Crispin's our westerly section. Say who would you look to for local protection? Who'll hustle for gas lamps and sidewalks like thunder If Bolliver ain't there to do it, I wonder?

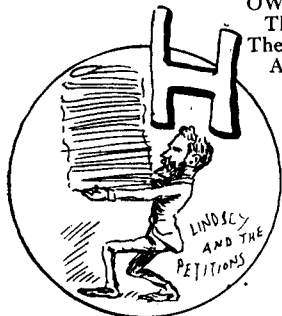
These few brief remarks which I've ventured to state With men of intelligence ought to have weight. Now I can't stand the drinks for it isn't allowed, Though gladly I'd treat every man in the crowd, But if I'm elected—why later we'll meet And you know I don't often go back on a treat— I'll stick to you bravely if you'll do your part, Guess I've struck the right chord in the popular heart.

SANTA CLAUS IN TROUBLE.

"DID you hang up your sock Crismas eve?" asked our neighbor's small boy. "I didn't; it's played out. Las' time I hung up my sock, my young brother Jimmy he went an' changed the socks, he did, an' hung up one of Mary's, our hired girl—a great big jelly bag of a sock. An' 't had a hole 'n the heel, an' when pa he come round in bare soles 'bout four p.m. in the night time an' dropped some little groceries in, the whole bizness went through the girl's sock an' struck the floor an' woke Valetta Anna Jane Gray, the baby. An' jest then pa he got his thumb caught in the mouse trap, and he yelled like 's if he'd been stung an' jumped up just as Mary came in. An' pa felled against Mary, an' the candlegreas went all over his head. An' when ma came in with a lamp an' saw Mary prayin' with one sock on an' pa with the mouse trap on his thumb I guess there was a tragedy in 't. I was sorry, 'cos they broke most o' my things that had fell through the sock hole. An' this Crismus I didn't hang none up, 'cause I'm getting too big, anyway.

C. G. ROGERS.

ALDERMANIC BUBBLES.



OW sad is the Sabbath to me,
The day when the street-cars don't run,
There's no chance to go on the spree,
And the boys cannot have any fun!"

hummed the *World* representative, as he entered the Council Chamber. It was evident at a glance that the symposium was likely to be of unusual interest, as the side seats and the galleries were packed with auditors attracted by the prospect of a

lively debate on the question of Sunday street cars. They anticipated a sort of a car-nival, in fact.

Preliminary business was soon got over, and then the battle commenced by Aids. Lindsay and Leslie presenting a big pile of petitions signed by eight or ten thousand people, some of whom were voters, asking for the submission of the question to a popular vote. Whereat loud applause from the gallery, and mild and ineffectual expostulations from the Mayor.

Ald Lindsay moved the re-opening of the question, and called attention to the fact that the petitions were signed by Archbishop Walsh, the Lord Bishop of Toronto, and Prof. Goldwin Smith. (More enthusiastic plaudits.) We are not now living under the dispensation of Moses.

ALD. MOSES—"But Moses has got a vote in this Council, and don't you forget it."

ALD. LINDSAY—"The question is, shall the People be ignored? They have the right to pronounce upon this matter. When men like the Archbishop, the Bishop of Toronto and Prof. Goldwin Smith ask to be heard, their views are entitled to consideration."

The motion was car-ried. But for all that the Sunday car-ride is still in the dim and distant future.

Ald. E. A. Macdonald—

I don't go for Sunday cars,
Sunday papers, Sunday bars,
Sunday jollity and revelry and riot,
Seems to me we should rejoice
That, so far, the public voice
Goes for keeping us our Sunday rest and quiet.

Six days work is quite enough,
On the worker 'twould be rough
If he toiled all week without a rest on one day;
At those selfish men's request
Who care nothing for the rest,
And would rob the street-car worker of his Sunday.

My constituents may retire me,
And from the Council fire me,
If my views in this don't meet their
approbation;
Your lord bishops you may
quote,
But they don't control the vote,
And I'll never go for Sabbath desecration.

Ald. Vokes—

Here's another who, you'll find,
Doesn't easy change his mind,
Or succumb because some people
raise a clamor.

I'm as solid as a rock,
Let them howl, or hiss or mock,
At our doors in vain petitioners may hammer.

When I know I'm in the right
I'll not falter in the fight,
Whether fronted with the *World*, or flesh, or devil,



When you give, some future day,
Seven days' work for six days' pay,
Workingmen, you'll say that Vokes' head was level.

Ald. Gibbs—

As for me, I've always found
That the very highest ground
Is the surest and the safest you can rest on.
Sabbath rest, as I opine,
Is an ordinance divine,
And that's enough to settle the whole question.

Ald. Shaw—

When I cast my vote before,
Why, I did so on the score
That for Sunday cars there then was no petition;
But now ten thousand say
They want them right away,
And that seems to me to alter the position.

Ald. Moses—

Why, the principle you hold
Well might knock a fellow cold.
What's right is right, and if your voting plan meant
To wipe our Sunday out
Just as easy, without doubt,
It might alter any God-given commandment. (*Hisses.*)

As I don't draw any salary,
Those hisses from the gallery
My mind's serene composure do not rattle;
All animals we find
Act according to their kind,
So I can't be irritated by such cattle. (*More hisses.*)

Ald. Leslie:—

Well, the People must be heard,
And it seems to me absurd
That those who in this Council represent 'em,
Should stifle public sentiment,
And I've a strong presentiment
They'll have to reckon with the men who sent 'em.

Ald. Allen—

And to me it does seem queer
That a colleague sitting here,
Who bears the honored name of John Knox Leslie,
By his course so plainly mocks
At the principles of Knox,
Which a Presbyterian can't get over easily.

Mayor Clarke (*aside*)—

Now's the chance to show my tact
In a grand fence-riding act,
Which will tickle those who favor both opinions,
At that game there are but few
Who the trick so well can do,
Though you search throughout her Majesty's Dominions.
(*Aloud*)

My position is quite clear,
This petition does appear
Too weighty to permit us to ignore it;
Let the people then decide
If on Sunday they will ride,
But I will never cast my ballot for it.

And so the vote was taken, and
A most tempestuous scene
Resulted, when the clerk said "Lost!
Sixteen to seventeen!"

SANCTIMONIOUS REMARKS.

FIRST EDITOR—"Scribbles is a great social reformer."

SECOND ED.—"How so?"

FIRST ED.—"He is always writing wrong, you know."

ARCHITECTURAL ITEM.

SIMPLICITY of design—trying to make a square man out of an old "rounder."



MR. CLARKE'S WALKOVER.

(Which, however, Ald. E. A. Macdonald says he won't allow, nohow!)

THE CANADIAN MONARCHY.

FROM ADVANCE SHEETS OF A FORTHCOMING PRIMER ON CANADIAN HISTORY.

CANADA having now attained her majority as a full-grown nation, the only thing wanting to complete her independence was an agreement among her various factions upon the form of government to be adopted. The Tories wished a monarchy, the Grits a republic; the French Catholics had, as usual, the casting vote. Their priests at length decided upon joining the monarchists, judging that a king with no power behind his throne would be more amenable to discipline than a president with a veto. Sealed tenders were accordingly issued for a king to govern the country in a constitutional manner.

The choice fell upon a scion of British royalty, who ascended the throne with all due formality on the first of April, 1893. The joy of Col. Denison on this consummation of his hopes was almost painful to witness. He took holidays for weeks at a time in order to throw himself at the feet of his Majesty, until his loyalty became such a bore that the flunkies at Rideau Palace were instructed to tell the Colonel that the King was not at home.

For a while all went smoothly. People were delighted to have their Parliament opened, prorogued and dis-

solved by a King all their own. Sightseers flocked to the capital in vast numbers, and the fakir and pickpocket drove thriving trades among the crowds collected about the palace.

But soon trouble began. The King called for more funds. He said he could not govern the country with a single pack of hounds and a one-horse stud. He demanded that his salary should be doubled. Sir John A. made a touching appeal to Parliament (largely plagiarised from a famous speech by Gladstone on a similar occasion) and, with heart-rending sobs, called upon that body to consider the helpless condition of royalty, but to no avail. His defeat and subsequent retirement into private life were the results of his eloquence, and he died soon after broken-hearted, with Cardinal Wolsey's soliloquy upon his lips.

The Grits coming into power, the question of the royal finances was again taken up. Mr. Rykert offered to replenish the King's purse by negotiating for a timber limit for his Majesty. This proposal was met by a howl of derision from Sir R. Cartwright. Col. Denison was also opposed to the plan. He said he would shed blood before he would consent that the King should degrade himself by becoming a lumber merchant, or doing anything else of a merely useful nature.



HINT FOR WORD-BUILDERS; WHO HUNT IN COUPLES.

MR. MUSIE (before they begin the exercise of the evening)—“Er—what do you say to this proposition, Arabella: Every time I find a word, I’ll be entitled to a kiss, and every time you find one I’ll give you a kiss?” (She jumped at it, of course.)

Things seemed to be at a dead-lock, and there was some talk of returning the King with thanks, like a rejected MS., when Mr. Laurier announced that he had received a communication from Barnum, offering to defray all expenses of the Court and give a large bonus in addition for permission to exhibit H.M. throughout the continent as the only King in the New World. This offer was accepted unanimously, the objections of Col. Denison on the score of lack of dignity being withdrawn, when that officer was appointed a special royal guard, to accompany the King, with full authority to spill the blood of any Yankee who should insult royalty.

This method of raising a revenue succeeded beyond expectations. The Only American King took like wild.



“UNSOLICITED TESTIMONY.”

JOHNNY GAMIN—“Cricky! that Vit’lizer mus’ be strong stuff to double up the man like that!”

fire in the large cities of the Republic, and Col. Denison as his single worshipper added not a little to the attraction. The fierce lunges of the Colonel with his drawn sword at any Yankee who dared to smile at H.M. made it necessary that the pair should be enclosed in an iron cage, with a caution to the public to keep at a distance.

But one day a telegram was received at Ottawa from Chicago, which threw the whole nation into mourning. It ran as follows:—“Great explosion at Barnum’s show. Col. Denison strikes through the bars at Anarchist and explodes bomb in pocket of the latter. Cage and contents demolished.”

To compensate the Canadians for the loss of their King, Barnum offered to give them a white elephant, or any other curiosity of equal value. This offer not being accepted, a cash valuation was finally agreed upon and paid.

Parliament passed resolutions of condolence to H.M.’s relatives in England, but decided not to send for a duplicate sovereign, as Barnum intended definitely to retire from the show business. A republic was accordingly proclaimed.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

BLUE-ROOM PHANTASIES.

PHANTASY NO. 2.

“ME love!”
“M’ duck!”

These thrilling words were uttered early one morning—it would really be *too* pure fiction to say late one evening—in the drawing room of the baronial mansion of the De Boodlers. A young man was sitting on a *fauteuil* with a happy expression playing upon his noble, callow face. In fact, anything could play upon this young man with marked success.

The other speaker who had said “M’ duck,” was a fair frail thing, one of those airy useless orchids that society likes to bring up to cause some man a pre-instigated suicide. She was addicted to the piano, and had done some very fine discoloring on alleged china; and now she had won George Mauleverber’s love.

The De Boodlers lived quite a bit from the city, but the untractable street car ran past the mansion, and George used it freely. It was a sight to see the slim-limbed, short-sighted young fellow with his sprightly though somewhat insipid smile slide gracefully off the car in the light of the electric lamp of an evening. Chrissina used to watch it from the heavy damask curtains. She said the red light of No. 11 car was her star of hope. Old De Boodler said he didn’t go very many beans on “rhymes,” but he guessed that “star of hope” allusion was the correct poetic cheese. A badly bred small boy used to say “shoot De Boodler’s dood!” when George got off the car.

But little wrecked the happy, trusting girl of the terrible fate awaiting both.

Suddenly her lover’s visits stopped. A week went by. Two. Three. Chrissina became more languid and helpless than was normal. In despair she wrote George. Finally the answer came.

“DEAR CHRISSE,—Our dream is o’er. You may remember I told you my uncle was director of the Street Railway Company. I always got free rides out to your house. Now the company has changed hands. I am ruined. I cannot afford to ride and pay my fare. I should be bankrupt in a month. I could never walk two miles. Never! My physical constitution would break up. Fare thee well. GEORGE.”



SOMEWHAT TANGLED

OR, THE CONTRARY CANINES



THE CONVENIENCES OF MODERN TRAVEL.

No, he is not paralyzed in any sense of the word. This is only Tom Longman who has been compelled to ride all night in a crowded car on an accommodation train. He's not quite straightened out yet, but will be all right in a week or two.

THE PLEADER.

I SAW him plead; a gentle child he supplicating knelt,
With tearful eyes, and fingers clasped beside his mother's knee;
Where oftentimes in happier mood perchance he'd aptly spelt
The mysteries evolved from out his infant A. B. C.
But now maternal wrath, and threat of timely chastisement
Did stimulate his tongue to press condonement for his deed;
And tender baby tears and sobs were with his promise blent,
But Fate was stern—he lost his case, tho' aptly he did plead.

I saw him plead; in youth's fair prime he knelt beside a dame
Of Hebe form and Psyche face, but with Diana's frown,
And cold and unresponsive tongue, that chilled his ardent flame,
And smote his erstwhile glowing hopes to furthest zero down.
She smiled upon another one, a gallant millionaire,
Who dipped his flag, like Antony to Cleopatra's grace;
And so, despite his pleading face, Fate's taunting, leering stare
Did mock him with the memory of one fair, heartless face.

Once more I saw him plead; 'twas in Chicago's court room tall;
His client was that Croesus who had won his early flame;
For now the Croesus sought divorce of matrimonial thrall,
From her he charged with having soiled his fair unsullied name.
She saw relentless vengeance shine in the immobile face
Of her rejected early love, and heard the sapience face
That echoed in his argument—in short he won his case:
And when he passed—"revenge is sweet"—he said—"and it is
mine!" C. G. R.

WHEN I WAS A BOY.

I REMEMBER, I remember,
One frosty winter day,
Instead of going straight to school,
I did the truant play.

I remember, I remember
That long and jolly slide
On which I split my little pants—
To sew 'em up I tried.

I remember well that needle,
How keen and sharp its prick;
But ah! it did not hurt so much
As my wrathful parent's stick.

I remember, I remember
That cane, it rose and fell,
Descending on my pantaloons
And causing me to yell.

I remember, I remember
My angry parent's eye,
And now I must confess I'm glad
I am not now a boy.

N. L.

OVER THE DISHES.

"OCH HONE, Molly, did iver sorrow come afther a will-intentioned gurl in the way it folleys me about, an' all owin' to the goodness av me heart? Mebbe you've hard that I've got me warnin' for this day wake, but I'll jist tell ye the sarcumstances av the case so that you'll see fwere the blame lies. It all comes av that fancy driss ball at the roller skatin' rink yisterday, bad cess to it. Missis would go to it, though I hard the masher tell her she had better stay at home, as he expicted some wan in the avenin'. But go she did, an' afther she wint, whin I was swapin' out her room, I saw her illegantist driss hangin' in her closet. Then I sez to mesilf, 'It's a fancy driss ball, an' faix but I've taken a fancy to this driss, an' what harrum if I go to see the fun in that same?' An' the more I considered it the aiser it samed, until I made up me moind to go. So afther you had gone home, Molly, I slips on the driss, an' puts on wan av the missis's foine bonnets, an' stips out into the strate as illigant as you plase. An' I goes to the rink an' jines the crowds in the galleries, an' nearly gits the loife squazed out av me. Afther watchin' the skaters shootin' about in their quare drissis for some toime, I thinks I'd better be goin', in case the missis might come back afore me. So I pushes out as quick as I could, an' jist as I was in the throng av it, a gintleman stips up to me, an' takin' me by the hand quick loike, drags me afther him to the dure. It was so suddint I didn't know whether to scrame for the polace or to faint dead away. Then the manin' av it came loike a flash into me moind, an' I saw that the gintleman had mistaken me for the missis, bein' in her clothes, an' was goin' to run away wid me. An' thin I knowed what she mint by insistin' on goin' to the ball, jist to give the masher the slip, but, thinks I, I'll stop the schame before it goes farther. So I jist said nathin', knowin' that me brogue would betray me, but I let him pull me to the door. 'There's a cab waitin', sez he, 'an' it's lucky I saw ye, for I thought you had been in charackter.' 'Talk av her charackter,' said I to mesilf, 'or your own, ayther, as if you had any worth lookin' at. But I'll be aven wid you, for I'll jist tell the cabby to drive you along to the masher's house, while I steps back upon the pavemint.' But whin we got to the cab, an' whin I ran up to spake wid the driver, faix ye might have knocked me down wid a dish-cloth,

for there stood me own Pat. 'Oh, Biddy,' sez he, 'I niver thought you were that kind av a girl.' 'Nonsense, Pat,' said I, 'it's mistaken ye are.' 'Thruth for you, Biddy,' sez he, 'an' it's mistaken in ye that I am, but thank Hiven I've found it out in toime.' Thin I began to cry, Molly, an' the gentleman comes up an' sez he, 'Phwat the divil is the manin' av all this, shure phwat do you mane, you blagyard, be insultin' me sisher?' 'As much your sister as she'll iver be my woife after this,' sez Pat. 'But I'll tache ye, ye vile masher, to be interfarin' wid Pat Macarty.' An' wid that Pat lets fly at him, an' the two had a complete shindy, while I stood howlin' murdher. An' thin a constable came up an' arristed us all an' sint for the polace van. 'There's no mistake this time, Biddy,' sez he, an' whin I looked up there it was Dan, the palcr I spoke av the other day. But the crayther let me go ather promisin' to come as a witness if sint for, an' the masher explained the howl matther to the magistrate in the marnin'. It sames the gentleman was his woife's brother, who had come to take her home, an' had mistaken me for her on account av me wearin' her driss. An' for all the avil I was thryin' to stop it's me that must be the skep goat, for the missis she sinds me away for puttin' on her driss, an' as for Pat, he'll niver listen to raison, though the gentleman troied to explain iverything to him. Shure, Molly, this is a harrd world on faymale craythers."

WILLIAM MCGILL.

RAFFERTY'S GOAT.

OH, Rafferty's goat was a bewtiful crayture,
As lively a baste as ye'd happen to meet,
Intelligence shone in aitch illigant fayture
An' luk out fur fun fwthin he's loose on the shstreet.
The way that he'd bunt was a source av divarshun;
You'd be floored on the sidewalk before ye wud know't,
An' the byes wud prefer to a picnic excurshun
To luk at the frolics av Rafferty's goat.

More betoken the baste was the heartiest feeder,
His hide wid ould shtove pipes an' tins he wud stuff,
He had tastes liter-ary—like many a reader,
An' av newspaper writin's he'd never enough.
Ould clothes an' rag carpets and such like attractions
Disappeared wid much aise down his cavernous t'roat,
An' the neighbors oft mourned the felonious abstractions
From clothes-lines committed be Rafferty's goat.

Our mimber, John Small, fwthin the Parlymint's meetin'
Sinds Rafferty blue books fur nothin' be post.
I'm thinkin' he finds it comes chapcr nor treatin',
An' Tim wid the gang his inflew-ence can boast.
"Fur fwwhat does he take me," was Tim's observation,
"That thrash is no dacint return fur me vote;
Here, Billy, me byc, here's condinsed information,"
An' the blue books wuz aiten be Rafferty's goat.

Shmall wonder it gev him the cramps an' the colics
Until the poor baste nearly died on the shpot,
But it wasn't the blue books as inded his frolics,
'Twas a shtrong constitution that Billy had got;
To his vicious proclivities dyin' a martyr,
A warnin' to thim on such volumes that gloat,
He ate an ould book called the "Kreutzer Sonata,"
Be the powers!—That settled Tim Rafferty's goat.

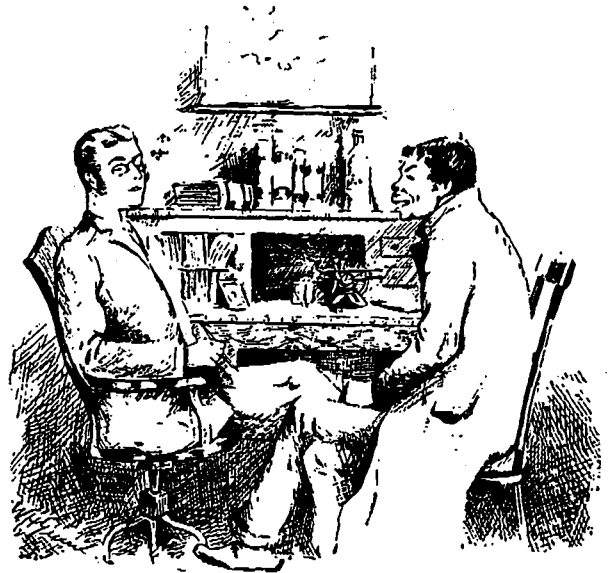
POINTER FOR AUTHORS.

YOUNG AUTHOR—"Can you tell me the whole secret of success in writing?"

OLD CONTRIBUTOR (*who has just had his first article printed*)—"No, but I can tell you what is often the whole cause of failure."

Y. A.—"What is it?"

O. C.—"The pigeon hole."



PAT'S ALIBI.

LAWYER (*to Pat, who has been arrested for horse-stealing*)—"Did any one see you steal the animal?"

PAT—"Yissir. There was wan man seen me steal the harse, an' he's goin' to come into coort and swear to it, the low contemptible blackguard."

LAWYER—"It will go hard with you then, I'm afraid. It's a clear case against you."

PAT—"But, sir, Oi can bring twinty men, an' more, that'll swear they *didn't* see me steal the harse."

SWEET HOME RULE.

SING Home, Sweet Home Rule sweeter than the sweetest song in metre,
To the exiled sons of Erin's Isle, and with them let us pray
For a parliament in Dublin, where their foes would cease from troubling,
And the weary Irish question would be set at rest for aye.

Take off English, take off Rome rule, give oppressed Hibernians
Home Rule,
Let them banish all their landlords where St. Patrick sent the snakes,
Till the heart which proud and callous is "mid pleasures and mid palaces,"
Like Uriah Heep "so humble" under Pat's shillaly quakes.

And even the Parnell scandal, which has given its foes a handle,
Should but hasten Home Rule progress, and not hinder nor prevent,
As it forms an Opposition for discussion and division
Such an all important feature in a nation's parliament.

Then sing Home, sweet Home Rule truly fitted for the most unruly,
For if they can't agree among themselves then let them fight
Like the felines of Kilkenny, so long as there are any,
And leave the world the richer as they wiggle out of sight.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

IN THE READING ROOM.

READER—"Tolstoi thinks that authors should pigeon-hole their MSS. and publish only posthumously. Neither should they take any pay for their work."

WRITER—"I have found it quite unnecessary to trouble myself on these points. Editors and publishers are only too considerate attending to such minor matters."



IN A TIGHT PLACE.

LADIES and Gentlemen,—You will find a very choice assortment of Christmas cards, carefully selected by an artist, at the Golden Easel, 316 Yonge street.

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GRIP'S ALMANAC FOR '91.

SOME of our readers have not yet possessed themselves of copies of this, the latest issue of GRIP's celebrated annual. Thus they have up to date deprived themselves of a literary and artistic feast which would only cost them 10 cents apiece. The Almanac this year is, in the opinion of many, the best of the twelve issued. It is full of bright original fun and capital pictures. The double-page cartoon is a very amusing burlesque of Meissonier's celebrated painting 1807, in which are introduced caricatures of a great number of Canadian public men. The chronological tables are immensely funny, and in fact the entire contents are good. A few copies yet remain unsold, and we would advise our friends to send the price to the publishers without delay and secure copies before the supply is exhausted. Send now.

WATSON'S COUGH DROPS are the best in the world for the throat and chest, for the voiced unequalled. R. & T. W. stamped on each drop.

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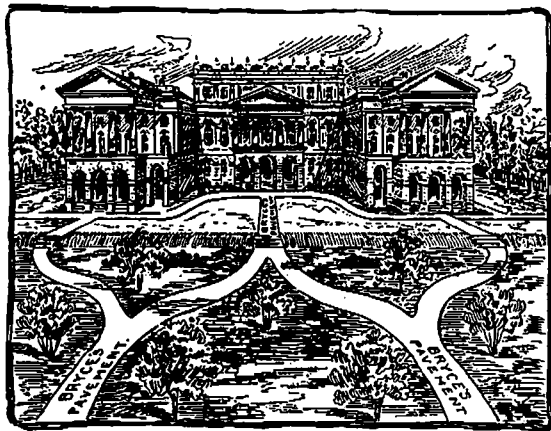
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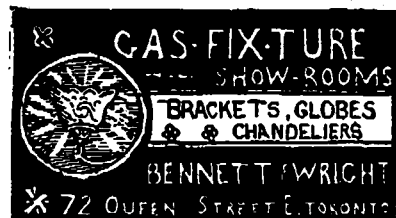
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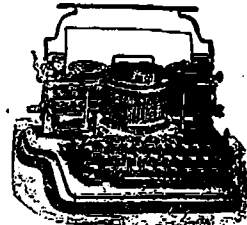


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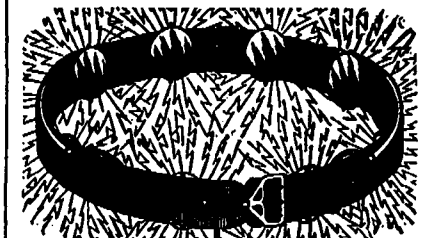
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